

*Jewish France / Book  
Two / VI / 1*

< Jewish France | Book Second | VI

## Edouard Drumont

## Jewish France

Marpon and Flammarton , 1886( pp. 382 - 445 ).

◀ VI. - The government of September 4. - The Municipality. - The Third Republic - After September 4. - After May 16. ▶

**THE GOVERNMENT OF SEPTEMBER 4. - THE MUNICIPALITY**  
**THE THIRD REPUBLIC**

**The** 4 September, or as was to be expected, put in power the French Jews: Gambetta, Simon, Picard, the Magnin, which, if we are to believe Bismarck, which usually goes for pretty well informed, Jules Favre should be contacted. It is a Jewish financier, Edmond Adam, who takes possession of the police headquarters. Camille Sée, the secretary general of the Ministry of the Interior, is Jewish.

The work of M. Busch, *the Count of Bismarck and his suite during the French war* , is very explicit on this subject. On February 10, speaking of Strousberg, the minister said:

Almost all or at least many members of the Provisional Government are Jews: Simon, Crémieux, Magnin and Picard, who were not believed to be Jewish, and very probably also Gambetta, according to the type of his face; I even suspect Jules Favre.

We do not know to what extent the fact is true for Jules Favre, in any case it seems true for Picard. A Picard appears among the deputies of the Jewish notables in 1806. Among the Jews received at the Polytechnic in 1882, the *Israelites Archives* mention a Picard Berheim, - the son of the editor of the anti-French manual by Paul Bert. We know the role played in the Tunisian affair by the Jew Weill Picard.

It is not, as M. Henri Rochefort claims, to a calculation of Napoleon III , much above such pettiness, it is with the energetic intervention of Fould and of Juiverie that the brother of Ernest Picard had to come out of a very bad situation <sup>[1]</sup> .

The situation was very simple. France has spent its existence as a nation winning brilliant victories and suffering terrible defeats, it has had in turn Tolbiac, Bouvines, Marignan, Rocroy, Denain, Fontenoy, Austerlitz, Iéna, Solferino and Crécy, Azincourt, Poitiers , Pavie, Rosbach, Waterloo; all she had to do was do what she had always done in similar circumstances, sign the peace, heal her wounds, say, "I'll be happier another time." "

This is how Bismarck, who reasoned according to the principles of common sense, understood things. As he has repeatedly stated, notably to Mr. Werlé, mayor of Reims <sup>[2]</sup> , he intended to sign the peace agreement in Reims; after which everyone would have gone home, some with a thumb of his nose, others with laurels, as has been seen since the beginning of the world.

Two billion was very little for the Jews, who dragged behind them a whole staff of starving, to whom they had promised the spoils of France.

He then produced a fact that will remain the most singular xix<sup>th</sup> century and, one might say, of all ages. A gentleman, born to parents who remained Italians, barely French himself, since he had only opted for French nationality at the last moment and with the certainty that an infirmity would exempt him from any service, doubly foreign, since 'he was a Jew, and who, in any case, represented only the twelve thousand electors who had appointed him, came to say:

"My honor is so ticklish, my courage is of such rare essence, that I cannot consent to making peace and that, with my private authority, I want to continue an all-out war. "

In the most rudimentary civilizations, among the Caffres and among the Boschismans, there is, in serious cases, a semblance of consultation of the country; the reunited tribe is asked: " Do you think you should take your bows, arrows or tomahawks?" "

Long-haired kings consulted their leudes, Charlemagne consulted his peers; under the old regime, we brought together the States General in critical circumstances. By dint of walking in the path of progress, as they say, we have demoted beyond the Cafres and, for five months, a Genoese adventurer sent people to have their arms and legs broken, while he smoked exquisite cigars. , and this without anyone daring to protest.

It is true that Gambetta had had a spiritual word, of that somewhat coarse spirit, peculiar to the Jews, but which nevertheless carries it.

"As I regard you all as imbeciles," he had said to the French people, "I am going, out of thirty-eight million French citizens, to choose a Badois as secretary of the government of National Defense."  
"

No Frenchman was considered worthy either, even for the defense of his country, to keep the secrecy of these telegraphic dispatches which were then of such considerable importance; a man is chosen who was born in Lisbon; let us add that it was of Belgian parents, according to Vapereau.

If history later wants to look for the trace of one of those who played the main role in what has been called, no doubt by antiphrasis, the government of National Defense, it will only have to open the Salon booklet under the heading: *Foreign sculptors and engravers on medals or on semi-precious stones* , she will find there: Steenackers (François-Frédéric), born in Lisbon, MH

There were in fact, during this period, two Jewish rulers: the Taikun and the Mikado. One, Gambetta, looked after the financial interests of Israel, made the loans and the markets, lodged the Jews in places, where, like Esquiros in Marseilles, they could get rich quickly; the other looked after the general interests of the race and of the Hebrews outside.

The emancipation of the Jews of Algeria, in full invasion, put in all its relief the Jewish character, implacably indifferent to all that is not of the family. We will deal with this question in depth in book IV .

Even more surprising phenomenon and which clearly marks the collapse of the French temperament! Not one of these officers, who was going to be killed for the good pleasure of the Jews, had the idea to go up to this old you're, to shake him in the legendary dressing gown with yellow branches he wore to harangue the troops from the top of his balcony and say:

"Miserable old man, we have abandoned the common Father of the faithful to come and do our duty in France, we have sacrificed all our preferences, all our sympathies, all our memories, we obey the funny people who have escaped from all the cafes, vomited by all the move, out of all the sewers, to Spillers, to Pipe-en-Bois, to convicts like Bordone, to equivocal Poles like de Serres, and you only think of reducing still further the few forces which we still have to free some abject vendors of dates and pastilles from the seraglio! "

When Gambetta and Crémieux had done their task, Jules Simon came to Bordeaux to announce that it was time to represent the big five billion coin for which the Morgan loan had only been a simple curtain raiser.

It has been claimed that we would never know what was said in that interview with Bordeaux; it is not difficult, however, from the facts, to guess what was the outline of the discourse. This is the Livy method.

"Brother," Jules Simon must have said, "you've given yourself enough, you and your friends, give way to the German Jews who are impatiently awaiting their share of the quarry; you will come back with another trick in your bag and after having personified marvelously, by your fiery courage, the all-out war, you will personify with your organizational skills and your knowledge of geography the hope of revenge. "

Note that in these conferences, where the fate of France is decided, the native Frenchman, the native Frenchman, the son of the French, who cleared the soil, made the Fatherland, does not intervene in any way. The dialogue continues between two foreign Jews; one is Italian and descends from Germans who were called Gamberlé, the other is Swiss, is called Schweizer from his original name, Swiss from his birth certificate name, Simon from his literary name <sup>[3]</sup> . Neither the first nor the second received any kind of mandate to govern.

It does not displease the imagination to imagine the true representatives of the country, who pays, who fights, who dies, waiting in an anteroom for the end of this Israelite interview.

- I have three of my children who fell for the Fatherland, said an old man with white hair, should we sacrifice the last? I'm ready.



- Should we go and treat the wounded or smallpox? asks the Sister of Charity; I await your orders by praying to God for you.

- Thank you very much, said Jules Simon, whom the study of philosophy has made civil; a prayer never hurts.

- God ! about what ? Is there a God! exclaims Gambetta, rushing towards the door, with that movement of a single rider, both undulating and swaying, which won him his first successes at Bullier. I rock myself, I run around, I do my best for the moment, but I will come back. And you, beguine, take care of yourself; I won't give you any congregations; no more! There are Jesuits, Dominicans, Brothers, who went to pick up the dying under the shells while I was burning my shins in the fire, I will have them kicked out of their cells; the better to show my contempt for the country, the better to dishonor the army, I will force French officers to come in full uniform to snare religious and old men.... With that, good evening the company! Long live the wine and live the girls!

In all forms, the Jew thus served Bismarck. The spy for Prussia at Metz was a trader by the name of Mayer - another one! - Discovered by the French soldiers, who smashed everything in his shop, he hanged himself. Germany was hardly embarrassed to replace him. "We are told," the newspaper *Le Nord* said on August 19, 1870, "that most of the Prussian spies taken in Alsace are Jews." This vile profession could not be better exercised than by the children of this degraded race which had the execrable fortune to produce in Judas the most complete type of perfidy and treason. "According to the *Journal de Rouen* , Régnier" was only a Prussian Jew, adorned for the occasion with a French name. "

The *illustration* painted us in striking colors of the German Jew in his role as a spy during the war.

The Jew, this newspaper said in an issue of September 27, 1873, was the scourge of the invasion.

As long as the battle lasts, the Jew stays behind. He fears blows.

But has the enemy fled, is the battlefield free, then the German Jew comes running.

There he is master and king. It is to him that all these corpses belong. It is not with impunity that the soldier designates him by the characteristic name of raven.

In peace, he strips the dead, he goes from group to group. To see him bending over, running, bewildered, greedy, one would say a parent looking for a brother, a friend. He is only looking for gold.

Sometimes we hear a moan, it's a wounded man begging, but the crow really has time to stop for such trifles. Doesn't he have a mission to fulfill?

Because we must not forget this side, the worthy personage is a civil servant of the State , he is part of the German organization, he is not satisfied with stealing, this is the personal side; he is a spy.

It is the crow who, after the lost battle, will carry to headquarters all the papers found on the senior officers.

We see that this is not an easy task; moreover, there is not limited fatigue. It is necessary to go to the front of the army, to inquire about the resources of each village, to obtain information on the situation and the forces of the enemy.

Sometimes when he is caught the Jew is shot, but this very rarely happens. First of all, because of this inexplicable passion that he nurtures for his sad person, he takes all his precautions and only risks himself wisely. Then, if despite all his tricks, he falls into a trap, he is released to operate on a larger scale. He betrays the Germans as he spies on the French; in the future he will keep the information in double entry and the job will be even more lucrative.

But the triumph, the dream of this strange and repulsive personality, is the armistice; we are then at peace enough to not having to fear any rope or bullets; we are still at war enough to be able to exercise our honest profession.

So much profit!

First there are the requisitions, which pay off although one is obliged to give up the largest part, but one makes up for it with the soldier; the soldier is stupid, he gives for a florin what is worth a hundred.

Then, for industrious people, there are still other resources.

We, in the west of France, around Le Mans, were able to see for ourselves that the Jews, whom the German army was trailing behind them, *hired* Prussian soldiers by the day and were accompanied by them. in the villages. Knocking on a house, the Jews exhibited a filthy parchment covered with more or less authentic stamps. The translation of this paper, we can guess, one word is enough to make it: *requisition* . How could the peasant have resisted; the soldiers were there as threatening evidence. They delivered their cattle that we were going to sell .....

But I see a concern rising in the minds of my readers. Financial Jewry is enriched with the Morgan loan, the English Jew, Merton, who was to end tragically, too, is entrusted with a

confidential mission, the Jew Esquiros throne at the prefecture of Marseille and by a reminiscence, no doubt, from his book *Les Vierges folles*, is made, in order to consent to leave, to allocate a large indemnity from the funds of the morality police. German Jews rob our dead and hold our peasants to ransom; all is for the best, but what becomes of the little Jews who remained in Paris during this time?

Rest assured, they are doing very well. We refuse work to industrialists who have five or six hundred workers to support; we grant it to all the daughters of Israel. The depositions made before the markets commission for the armament of the National Guard is instructive on this point. Let us quote only a few lines from M. Berthe's testimony.

There would be no end to it, said M. Berthe, if we tried to enumerate everything that was done during the siege. For a long time I sold a concierge in the rue Grenier-Saint Lazare every day 4 or 500 francs worth of merchandise that he would take to the Hôtel de Ville; he completed the kit and was going to deliver it.

In the same house, a young lady of eighteen to nineteen years old, an Israelite, daughter-in-law, merchant of good goods <sup>[4]</sup>, had known how to open the doors of the Town Hall and find a way to deliver all the days 3 to 400 francs of goods.

And me, I was never able to get a deal! This young girl passed in front of me, at the Hôtel de Ville, as if taunting me. She would come in right away and I had to wait for hours. I had three or four hundred workers at home!

I noticed that the Jews were struggling with suppliers as a number at least. Most of the contracts were given to these people; they are more binding, more patient than us; they know how to do what is necessary, they do what is necessary.

The young lady I was talking about, I was told, only wants to pay for that... it will be bad! never mind.

I admit that we ourselves supplied the wrong goods in this way.

There were some very scheming Jews and women who got what we couldn't. To get there, he would have had to give tips, lunches, dinners, and all the things that didn't suit me.

The armistice signed, the Jew once again became a merchant and he was hardly able to prevent Paris from being supplied; Settled in Versailles, the Jews bought at a low price everything that

came on the market and resold it at exorbitant rates to Parisian traders. The ancient *Gaul* drew a fair sketch of this singular world which followed in the footsteps of the victor.

In the streets, he says, walk the soldiers of all arms stiff and silent. Loud, on the contrary, are the German Jews who followed the army carrying on their small business with the obstinacy and the spirit of continuation which characterize the Judaic race. These picturesque specimens of commercial Germany shout their wares in bad French in the sharpest tone; they seem especially well supplied with tobacco, judging by their perpetual cry: " *Dabac à fimer et à brisser at two vrancs a pound* !" There is one in particular whose intonations are very funny; they remind us in some ways of the voice of our colleague Wolff.

Bismarck, on seeing Jules Favre arrive at Versailles, had whistled the hallali. Cosmopolitan Jewry, which had inspired, sponsored, led, prolonged the war, was to figure in the triumph; she entered Paris behind the white cuirassiers. A writer, whom I do not know, but who knows how to paint, M. René de Lagrange, fixed this scene with an accent of incredible truth, in a study published in a corner of the *Figaro* supplement and which, I affirm to the future historians, is one of the few exact pages that have been written on the events of 1870-1871.

It was not the army, writes M. René de Lagrange <sup>[5]</sup>, that we saw in the first place, it was the General Staff which, of course, acted as scouts. This vanguard came at a small trot, casting an anxious eye, right and left, at the thin band of spectators which formed the hedge on both sides. The horsemen who made up this escort - I still see them - were almost all men of tall stature and powerful stature, standing on horseback like pedigree squires. They wore, for the most part, the shiny uniform of the cuirassiers. Wearing helmets whose crests bore chimerical animals, covered with breastplates adorned with embossed coats of arms or metal crests, these riders sparkled under the first rays of a March sun.

The physiognomy of these aristocratic soldiers was in harmony with their male armor. The whole was grandiose. Their hair of a reddish blond, their mustaches strongly planted and of a bold jet, their clear and red complexion at the same time, their sky-blue eyes with a fierce ray were reminiscent of the portrait of these same men. , traced formerly by the burin of Tacitus: *Oculi coerulei et truces, rutilæ comæ, magna corpora* . We must be fair, nevertheless, even with his adversaries, these faces had a great character.



Seeing these species of giant horsemen, one would have said that these Burgraves on the banks of the Rhine, contemporaries of Barbarossa, such as one sees them carved on the facade of the castle of Heidelberg or in the prints of Albert Durer. All this group breathed feudal Germany, the Iron Age, the reign of force, the military middle ages. This little escort, in the midst of which one could make out the King of Prussia and M. Bismarck, army though they were, advanced cautiously, as we have said. Entering this Paris, this revolutionary abyss following a siege of five and a half months, it seemed hardly reassuring. It was entering the volcano. Before risking the army, the General Staff was testing the ground, for fear, no doubt, that, despite all the precautions taken, some mine loaded with dynamite might explode under the footsteps of the army. of invasion. He was a king, princes, generals who, on that day, served as Uhlans.

This military group was immediately followed by another group, but civilian, that one. The second group was undoubtedly even more curious than the first. Behind these Centaurs all clad in iron and sparkling with steel, advanced, mounted on their horses like tweezers, bizarre figures dressed in long brown puppets and wadded. Elongated mines, gold glasses, long hair, red and dirty beards, worm-like corkscrews, broad-brimmed hats, they were so many Israelite bankers, so many Isaac Laquedem, following the German army like the vultures. In this attire, it was not difficult to recognize their professions.

They were, of course, the Jewish accountants or financiers charged with collecting our billions. After the Military Staff, it was the Ghetto Staff. We need not say that an even more marked fear was visible on all these bewildered and sordid faces.

When this double procession had elapsed, a rather long time passed, more than an hour, at least. We learned the next day what had been the cause of this gap; the staff in question had stopped at the Elysee for lunch. M. Ernest Picard had had the kindness to have his friends and enemies served there a welcome feast washed down with Champagne wine.

When this Republican lunch was savored and watered at will, the procession resumed its march to go up the Champs-Elysees and meet the army which was about to enter it. Again we saw the armored and gleaming Centaurs pass before us, followed by the children of Israel with dirty beards, but this time the faces were not the same. The lunch had produced its effect: the face illuminated by the wine of the best wines of France, the eye on fire, the syrup in the mustache, the arrogant attitude, assured, moreover, that no aggression was to be expected. fearing that no mine would explode under their feet, the armored generals trotted up the avenue <sup>[6]</sup>.

I have seen more than once, in my historical works, the reluctance one feels to adopt the narrative which best gives the exact and correct note, and this is why, I repeat it, I do not fear to recommend this valuable page to historians of the future.

I myself lived at the time in avenue Montaigne, and forced to go out for one of mine ill, I was able to verify the scrupulous fidelity of this painting.

Picard, according to the testimony of the neighbors, would have attended the beginning of the meal and toasted with the Germans, in any case, he himself came to the Elysee to ensure that nothing was missing for the victors' lunch.

The German Jews had mingled quite a few French Jews, who were already taking care of the famous loan, and this Bourse, in the middle of a camp, had the strangest aspect; it was like the lamentable and comical epilogue, like the grotesque and grotesque commentary on that Jewish war.

Everything is true, once again, in the story of M. René de Lagrange, in particular the episode of this unfortunate worker who, mad with patriotic pain, plunged his knife into the chest of a general's horse and, delivered immediately to the German Provost, was shot, we believe, behind the Palace of Industry.

This summary execution had the character of an omen and the meaning of a warning.

The Parisian worker, such as he still was, hampered Jewish Freemasonry. It was a very singular type that the one the. Everything was mingled in his confused brain; he loved France and Poland, because she had been persecuted, he hated what he called, we never knew why, the *priest party*, but he did not admit, like Paul Bert, that the man was quite like a dog; he gazed without horror at the crucifix which adorned his humble abode, he remembered having once placed it on the bed where some loved one had just died, he hung there on the Palm branches the blessed boxwood branch that the child brought back; near the crucifix, at times, was attached the cross of honor of some companion of Napoleon I<sup>st</sup>.

The Parisian worker was, in fact, revolutionary and chauvinist, he fired at the troops on riot days and felt his heart beat when some regiment marched through the suburbs. Convinced, by reading Eugène Sue, that the Jesuits spent their lives monopolizing inheritances, he nevertheless said a friendly hello to the Brother who had instructed him. He spoke out strongly against superstition and would have been sorry if his son and daughter did not make their First Communion. When the big day arrived, he let the mother and the child go alone for church, then

suddenly threw the tool away, put on the Sunday frock coat and, hidden behind a pillar, he looked for the boy or the girl, among the white crowd which undulated in the nave to the sound of hymns, to the light of candles;<sup>[7]</sup> .

Skillful with his hands, undisputed master in these half artistic and half industrial works where Paris, now supplanted there as everywhere by the foreigner, triumphed for so long without question, the Parisian worker, served by an innate taste, which took the place of know, was rarely idle and lived relatively happily.

By his qualities, his spirit, his gaiety, this type was particularly an object of hatred for the German Jew; by his patriotism which had just been affirmed during the siege, he was an obstacle to the invasion of foreigners among us; by his loyalty, his disinterestedness, his love of all that was right and honest he was a danger for the future politico-financial dictatorship of the Jew Gambetta. The Commune was an excellent opportunity to kill while we can. Denounced by the leaders who had trained them, by the Barrere who since became ministers plenipotentiary, victims of their courage, these unfortunate people littered the streets, avenues, squares, gardens and parks with their corpses.

You have certainly met them, during the second siege, going to the ramparts with conviction, cooking their potatoes under the trees of the Tuileries, parading in good order in front of the Rothschild palace and not having the thought of enter it. For the lower German Jewry which ruled Paris, Monsieur de Rôthschild's mansion (always put an accent of admiration on the o), was an object of veneration, and without effort it imposed respect for this residence on these armed multitudes. <sup>[8]</sup> .

The Aryan, it is necessary to repeat it, is a being of faith and discipline and he retains these feelings even in the revolution; he was born to be the intrepid and believing crusader, the soldier of the old guard, the obscure and interesting still victim of a Commune. He is in turn the hero of the Song of Gesture, the grumpy that Béranger celebrates, the black powder fighter of the three Days, the one who

..... On the gold strewn in front of his steps,  
Conqueror, walked barefoot and did not stoop.

The Commune thus had two faces:

One unreasonable, thoughtless, but courageous: the French face.

The other mercantile, greedy, plundering, basely speculative: the Jewish face.

The French federates fought well and were killed.

The Jewish Communards stole, murdered and oiled to hide their thefts. Certain traders established on rue de Turbigo organized the devastation as a commercial operation and withdrew to New York two or three times millionaires. Like Nathan, of which Maxime du Camp speaks, the Jews *made a big splash*, only the assassination followed by theft was this time complicated by arson.

The Commune also had two results.

First of all, it enriched, in modest proportions, it is true, the Jewish Bohemia who, after the passage of the government of National Defense, could hardly but shake the drawers, get their hands on small forgotten boxes, and above all strip the palaces, ministries and mansions of Christians for their art objects. (The Commune has not once touched Jewish property; not a single one of the 150 Rothschild houses has been set on fire.)

Then - an otherwise important result - she had thirty thousand Frenchmen slaughtered by the French.

The Germans, in exchange for their lofty and disdainful protection, asked only one thing of the Commune.

After destroying the prestige of our armies, they were still offended by the glorious legend of our ancestors. This column, made of cannons taken from the Germans, which stood in Paris, hampered them; despite their easy triumph on the nephew, they still resented the invincible *Imperator* that one saw draped in the coat of the Augustes.

The morning in the azure, the evening in the stars.

Masters of Paris, they would not have touched this column, they respected everywhere the monuments of our victories and the images of our heroes, the tomb of Marceau, the statues of Fabert, Kleber, Rapp. There are things that the Aryans do not do themselves, but these things sometimes they have Semites done as if to prove that these can be of use on occasion <sup>[9]</sup>.

How moving is this scene of May 16 on Place Vendôme! This vague emotion, which agitates an assembled crowd, makes wait for unforeseen events. It is said in the groups that the Invalides will come to line up at the foot of the Column to defend it, these few survivors of the great



battles, that we used to see arriving every May 5 and every August 15 to lay wreaths there, have Put on their uniforms "worn out by victory," they all run up:

. . . . . Lancers, grenadiers with ticking gaiters,  
Dragons that Rome would have taken for legionaries,  
Cuirassiers, gunners who dragged thunders,  
Wearing the black colback or the polished helmet,  
All those, those of Friedland and those of Rivoli.

Nothing shows. The hour has come. We're waiting for the signal. Who will give it? Thank God, he's not a Frenchman, he's a Jew, he's Simon Mayer.

Listen to Maxime Du Camp <sup>[10]</sup> :

Suddenly a man appeared on the coronation, waved a tricolor and threw it into space, in order to clearly indicate that all that had been the French Revolution, the First Empire, the royalty of Louis-Philippe, the Second Republic , the Second Empire, disappeared from history and would give way to the new era, symbolized by the blood-colored foulbrood, which you call the red flag.

The man who had the honor of throwing the colors of France to the wind was worthy of this mission: his name was Simon Mayer. On March 18, he had behaved nobly in Montmartre. Captain in the 169th Battalion, commanded by Garcin, replacing the elected leader who was Blanqui, then imprisoned or on the run, this Simon Mayer had heroically helped in the assassination of General Lecomte and Clément Thomas. This beautiful action found its sweetest reward at this hour, under the sun, in the presence of attentive and charmed members of the Commune. A bugle sound was heard. An enormous silence, as Gustave Flaubert would say, filled the streets. Everyone was silent and kept their eyes firmly fixed on the column in front of which the targets were stiffening. It was a little past five in the evening from time to time,

A man sold a God who came to bring words of mercy and love to the world, his name was Judas, and he was a Jew.

A man sold a woman who confided in him, his name was Simon Deutz, and he was a Jew.

A man, in front of the Prussians, gave the signal to to overturn on a bed of dung the monument of our old glories, his name was Simon Mayer, and he was a Jew <sup>[11]</sup> .

This sublime trinity, God, the Woman, the Genius, this triple form of the ideal, the Divinity, the Beauty, the Glory, of all this the Jew made money ...

Before delivering Paris to the Jews of the upper class, the lower Jewry took advantage of the occasion to assuage a little its secular grudge. When a venerable priest, with white hair, asked Dacosta what crime he had committed in order to be arrested, the Jew replied with a typical word where the affectation of Paris slang badly conceals the hatred that comes to the right. line from Jerusalem, "You have made it to us eighteen hundred years. "

Gaston Dacosta was particularly excited against the priests Rigault, a ferocious kid, no doubt, who was like a sort of little Nero drunk with omnipotence, but who had good times and who would have done infinitely less harm without the acolyte who urged him on. <sup>[12]</sup> .

When we went to the registry of Mazas, Gaston Dacosta, who was at Rigault's side, no doubt to prevent him from weakening, drew up the list of hostages, on the file of one of them, he had written of advance: "Save this scoundrel for the firing squad <sup>[13]</sup> !" "

The first name of Isidore de François, the director of La Roquette, who presided over the executions, would perhaps tend to make people believe, as has been claimed, that he was also of Jewish origin. He too thought and spoke like Dacosta. "It's been fifteen hundred years," he said, speaking of priests, "that these people have been crushing the people, they must be killed. Their skin is not even good for making boots. "

We could have done and we will probably do more than one An interesting discovery from the point of view of the influence of type and race, by researching the families of most of those who were involved in these horrors, but France, then, had other concerns. Delivered to Prussia by the German Jews whom she had welcomed, bled dry by Gambetta, dishonored in her glorious military memories by Simon Mayer and the demolishers of the Vendôme column, she was going to throw herself into the arms of other Mayers and others. Other Simon, she sent the Bamberder to the Chamber, she decorated the Jew Stern, she swooned with admiration in front of the Rothschilds who were going to exploit her to the full.

Not a man of the majority foresaw this situation. What these men called clerics lacked was simply to be Christians. No more than the policies of the Restoration, they did not understand the word of Scripture that we have already quoted and that must always be repeated, because it is the alpha and the omega of the statesman: *Discite justitiam moniti*, warned by events, learn justice. "It is on justice that this great doctor of politics, Bossuet," the only one, "says Doudan, in

his style always a little precious," who could have made the speech from the throne of God, if God suffered a government. representative... "" When I name justice, writes Bossuet, I am simultaneously naming the sacred bond of human society, the necessary restraint of license, the sole basis of rest, the equitable temperament of authority and favorable support of subjection. When justice reigns, faith is found in treaties, security in commerce, clarity in business. »Elsewhere, he indicates the essential conditions of social equilibrium in a line more eloquent and more precise in its sublime familiarity that all the volumes of rhetoricians: "Justice and Peace are two intimate friends <sup>[14]</sup> . "" Justitia and Pax osculatae sunt. "

Justice is the first need of peoples, at the same time as the guarantee of interests, it is the satisfaction of an aspiration innate in all human souls. France brings to this love its own passion. What is this ideal-loving nation asking for? Justice. What is she looking for, even in her revolutions? the chimera, the shadow, the parody of this justice which is necessary to him like air to breathe. Why did the French Royalty, so puny in this Ile-de-France which was its cradle, grow so quickly and so prodigiously? This is because the first Capetians were, above all, men of righteousness and justice. What is the most vivid and popular image of the king? Is it that of so many monarchs leading bold rides and rushing into the thickest of the enemy ranks? No, it is the image of a vigilante seated under an oak tree. More than the memory of the Taillebourg bridge defended by a single man against a whole army, the memory of these rustic meetings where each one, without an intermediary, could have his right recognized directly by the one who had the strength, remained engraved in the souls.

Why, after such a long eclipse of royalty, when for many years the Legitimist party was nothing more than a brilliant staff without soldiers, the country freely and spontaneously called representatives of the monarchical principle? It is because the Monarchy, always tender to the little ones, had known, on occasion, to be severe against the strong.

It was to *do justice* that the country, in its interest, had recourse to men of tradition, to deputies of the soil, to men whose families, ordinary life, character were known to all and inspired confidence, in troubled times, even to those who, in ordinary times, would have preferred jugglers and charlatans to them.

At that time there was a lack of a man animated by this noble love of justice, a man with a lofty heart, a great soul, gentle to the lost, terrible to the perverts who had sold their country in cold blood, who took over the leadership of the monarchical party and demanded above all the punishment of an adventurer like Gambetta, who had allowed himself to conclude loans without the authorization of the country, of a Ferry, of a Jules Favre.

Not only the Catholics betrayed the mandate of justice which had been entrusted to them against the men of September 4th, but they allowed the repression of the Commune to be accomplished under conditions of savage iniquity.

This whole phase is, moreover, one of those which will stop the thinkers of the future the longest, who will have the opportunity to study in action, at work, French high democracy, to see what is its morality, her true feelings towards the people, her conception of Good and Evil, of responsibility, of equality.

The French Monarchy, as we have said, exercised its function of justice in a virile and Christian manner, it had gibbets for the financiers, the Enguerrand de Marigny and the Semblançay, fine black velvet scaffolds for the Nemours, the Saint Pol, the Biron, Montmorency, Marilhac.

The Restoration, even in its weaknesses and its softness, did not have base repression: it did not take the little soldier, it took Marshal Prince de la Moskova, General Mouton, La Bédoyère allied to the noblest families of France.

The Republic was pitiless to the humble, and trembled before those who had an appearance of situation, before all those who had the bourgeois nobility, who possessed the jade button of the mandarin, who were inscribed on any board.

All those who had been taken to arms at Satory - apart from Rossel - were poor devils, *minus habentes*, people without relations. Thiers had granted the pardon of Crémieux; It was General Espivent de la Villeboisnet who had him executed, so to speak, on his personal initiative. Crémieux was to be shot at the same time as a hunter on foot. The members of the left naturally did not in any way take care of the poor pioupiou cannon fodder, good to kill, they interceded for the intelligent, responsible man, for the lawyer! General Espivent, which was old French race, did not understand democracy in that way, and he stated clearly that he heard that the lawyer had the fate of the soldier <sup>[15]</sup>.

This history of the Commune, still so little known and whose face will change completely as soon as we publish the incredible documents which are in a few hands <sup>[16]</sup>, was the triumph of *small papers*.

All the men of September 4, the Jules Simon, the Jules Favre, the Picard, Thiers himself, had been in contact with most of the heads of the Commune, and were only concerned with avoiding compromising revelations. The instructions given the first time were redone again with an injunction to drop certain charges. Those who could not be justified were made to escape <sup>[17]</sup>,



and there was not a day when one did not seize some letters addressed clandestinely to prisoners like those that Jules Favre wrote to Rochefort.

The captives used whatever pledges they could have - which is understandable enough - and the far-sighted lawyers imitated that good Jolly, on whose grave Gambetta delivered such a beautiful speech, and pledged themselves with the smallest scraps of paper from the captives to be used against them later <sup>[18]</sup> .

A few pages blackened with ink were then the best talisman against violent death. Ranc, born clever, seized the cassette of Thiers and Pallain entered the political life by going to negotiate to take it back. The legend relates that the cassette was returned, but absolutely empty, the astonishing fortune of this Pallain who, in spite of his absolute nullity, found means to be director in three ministries at the same time, would seem to indicate however that one or two papers were remained in the cassette. The rest, still according to the legend, would have saved Ranc from any pursuit after the fall of the Commune, it is, in any case, a fact which testifies little in favor of the independence of the military justice, that a man who deserves to be sentenced to death on October 13, 1873, can walk quietly until that time and even sit in the House, without anyone thinking of pursuing him. Either he was guilty or he was not, in the first case it would have been natural to prosecute him immediately, in the second case it would perhaps have been fairer not to condemn him.

The historian of the future will not forget, without a doubt, to complete this picture with the features which shed light on the customs. of all those people who cried so much against the corruption of tyrants. We have observed, speaking of the government of National Defense, that France, with regard to guarantees and rights, had demoted beyond the Kaffir tribes, since we had the blood of its children, its money, its destiny, without deigning to consult it. Morally, it is the rabbit who appears to be the model of French high democracy, whose exceptional circumstances bring private life to the fore.

This rabbit has, however, a particular character, it is a rabbit in a prosecutor's office, in a lawyer's office, the hutch witnessing these loves seems to be a green card. Jules Favre is not satisfied with having natural children, he strives to bring them by force into the normal framework, he tortures the code about them, he commits forgery, he has Millièrè shot, who denounced these infamies, he sequesters for three months, in the Versailles detention center, the unfortunate Laluyé who knows too many intimate secrets to be allowed to live and who in fact ends up succumbing to ill-treatment in another prison <sup>[19]</sup> .

Everyone, friends or enemies, is thus held together by stories of double households, of intertwined adulteries, of supposed sons, of legal precautions taken to transmit a fortune, a name, sometimes a title.

To all this shameful trafficking, to these haggling, to these impunities granted to people of whom we are afraid, to people who directly or indirectly still touch the bourgeoisie, in order to complete the painting of the republican state of mind of 1871, we must oppose the most appalling contempt of life human that we have ever seen at any time.

In history, I seek above all not the scandalous detail, but the symptom-based detail, not the sensational information, but the thought-provoking information. I believe that tiny facts are as interesting for the study of an era as important facts. In the great facts, indeed, the battles, the extraordinary events, it is God who reveals himself, in the small facts, it is the man who betrays himself. I regard, for example, as an excellent document this conversation which Baron Olivier de Watteville, then Inspector General of Prisons, had with Calmon, then Under-Secretary of State at the Ministry of the Interior, and which he told me. allowed to reproduce

M. de Watteville wanted to maintain the arrest of an MB of M. which the government later decorated.

- He's one of our agents, let him free.

- But, Mr. Under-Secretary of State, he had fourteen national guards refractory to the Commune shot.

- It was to better hide his game ...

- It is very consoling, Mr. Under-Secretary of State, for the families of the victims.

Who said that awful word? Is it a Sylla for which reason of state justifies everything? A soldier used to risking his life and for whom the lives of others are no more valuable than his? No, he is a bureaucrat, a center left, a liberal, a representative of modern ideas, a member of the Academy of Moral Sciences and politeticks. What politics and above all what morality we teach in these places!

What fell of human beings in those terrible days, the bloody harvest that death brought, no one will probably ever know.

Communist writers who admit the figure of thirty thousand dead are rather below than beyond reality. The men who by their functions have seen things up close confess thirty-five thousand in

private. M. de Watteville, Director at the Ministry of Public Instruction, the brother of the one I spoke of earlier and who was one of the first to enter Paris, fixes the number of victims at forty thousand, both on the side of the troops and on the side of the insurgents.

The ridiculous figure of six thousand five hundred deaths given seriously by M. Maxime Du Camp can only be explained by the special conditions in which the writer works. To erect a monument which, despite its imperfections, will be of considerable interest for the future, M. Maxime Du Camp has always had to apply to official sources and he has found the most eager assistance everywhere, but with the reservation not to say certain things, to always maintain a certain convention.

Jewish Freemasonry, who wanted to depopulate Paris to make room for foreigners and the men of September 4 who wanted to chastise their rebellious electors, and they too to seek them "in their lairs," each had an ingenious idea. which proves that Progress is not an empty word.

The foreigners who led the Commune changed the neighborhood battalions, they disoriented them, they battledThe federated members of the Boulevard Malesherbes fought in the Place de la Bastille, the battalions of the Rue Mouffetard were on the Boulevard Malesherbes. This measure facilitated the fires, because well-known men in a street would have hesitated to light a fire in their neighbors, it made the repression more rigorous. Once defeated, the soldiers of the Commune could not escape the bullets, in their neighborhood they would have been aware of the exits, they would have found help to hide. All the doors, on the contrary, closed in front of them and they fell by the hundreds on the sidewalks or the roadway.

The idea of the Republicans at Versailles was also a good one. The generals had demanded that the peacekeepers march at the head of each column. Thanks to their knowledge of Paris, the city would have been recaptured in forty-eight hours, and one would not have remained, as it happened, a whole day in front of a wall which could be turned in a few minutes. Picard and Jules Favre opposed this measure and thus succeeded in making the struggle much longer, the exasperation more intense, the massacre more barbaric.

To the federates shot at the Petite Roquette, at the Lobau barracks, in the Parc Monceau, at the Porte de Versailles, we must add one thousand two hundred men who, for various causes, insubordination, attempted escape, were passed by arms not on the plateau, but in the woods of Satory, where they were still performing on July 10. To this figure must also be added those who were decimated by the disease. The prisons, particularly the Chantiers, were hell. The unfortunate people guarded by gendarmes with loaded guns were not allowed to get up to meet

their needs, they languished. They were in the midst of their rubbish, at the slightest movement a fire was fired.

The Conservative deputies left everything to be done, they did not understand the word of Scripture: *justitiæ Dei sunt rectæ*, they had neither the beautiful mercies nor the necessary severity. They chatted familiarly with men who had usurped power and violently entered the *ærarium* and they were merciless to the unfortunate people who, pressed by poverty, had accepted a small place under the Commune and splashed a few cents in a box where people September 4, all poor before, all rich after, had not left much.

For the unfortunate people of this order they were merciless, they did not find sufficient torture to punish them, they sent them across the seas in some sort of cages and doubtless regretted not being able to send them all to the Satory plateau.

Was it therefore that the hearts of the men of the Right were cruel or their intelligence mediocre? No, only they had their brains conformed in a certain way, they saw like that, they were imbued with the most bourgeois prejudices. A man who occupied a position in the world, like Jules Favre, could do anything, have thousands of human creatures killed without ever being worried; the idea of shooting a president of the bar, an academician, would have seemed sacrilegious to these polite people, as the idea of delivering to the executioner a cardinal, a 'porporato', would have appeared to the sovereigns of yesteryear. .

The leaders of the Assembly, moreover, had a thirst for power and, on the contrary, had never been hungry; ambition seemed to them excusable in its most abominable misdeeds, while the unfortunate, who had to take a job to eat, seemed to them worthy of all the punishments since they did not understand it.

The notion of reality was what was especially lacking in these men of indisputable honesty, but of no practical experience, who, being neither illuminated from above nor informed from below, would inevitably have to be defeated by men who came out all bruised, all vibrant, all smoking, all soiled sometimes with the most real and difficult life.

Take the most illustrious of these vanquished, the Duc de Broglie. What could he know about modern Paris? He had probably never set foot in a workshop, or in a cafe, or in a lupanar, he had never chatted, eye to eye, with unreasoning workers after their day's work done, or with agitators of crossroads, who shake up society by upsetting dominoes, nor with girls who live and die from the corruption of cities. He left his house full of examples worthy of being imitated, of glorious traditions, of lofty feelings, to go by car to another living room where he found the same atmosphere, he had never left a world where we speak and think nobly, where very



weaknesses are veiled with idealistic appearances, where passions are rarely low. Looking within himself,

Obviously, this former president of the Council will have been actively involved in the movement of a century in which the Jew has everything leads and leads everything without having seen the Jew, without guessing his role for a minute, without suspecting what hatred may contain against old French society, against the aristocracy, against Christ, the heart of a German Jew, whose the fathers were hung between two dogs. If the Jew appeared to him, it was hardly more than in the form of a baron already cleansed, greatly honored to be in such company and holding himself there more or less appropriately; he had no idea that the one who had just obsequiously called him "my dear duke" was bribing the insulters who went to shout in the streets: "Ask for the bankruptcy of the Union Générale, the suicide of M. Bontoux, the arrest of Prince de Broglie! "

If one asked the former Minister of Foreign Affairs on the Jewish question, one would obviously find in him the tolerant and broad theories that Lord Macaulay, who was an applauded orator and a fine scholar, like the Duke de Broglie, developed in 1831, in his *Essay on the political incapacities of the Jews* .

With less eloquence and less merit, most of the members of the right lived like the Duc de Broglie, in the same unreal sphere. I bet that Viscount Othenin d'Haussonville, for example, did not know, when he was a deputy, a quarter of what he learned by going to visit the garnis, the bouges and the public balls, for his beautiful book of the *Childhood in Paris* .

The first who seriously concerned himself with workers' questions, from a conservative and Christian point of view, was a soldier. Why ? Because this soldier had seen the Commune up close, because the military profession, which makes life in the midst of all the classes of society gathered together, immediately puts a man of the worth of the Count of Mun in front of reality, set aside the prejudices of education and the conventions of the cenacle, constitutes an admirable school of observation for men who are organized to understand and to think.

Be that as it may, the monarchists of the Assembly of Versailles took advantage of their situation only to assume the odiousness of a ruthless repression which the future henchmen of Gambetta longed for in their hearts.

They struck, with shortened arms, on the small and the humble. Above all, the usurpation of office, as I have said, found these naive people implacable who had not had the courage to bring the men of September 4th to trial.

The members of the pardon commission, Tailhand, Corne and other Batbie, sent to New Caledonia, as guilty of usurpation of functions, an old man who, I believe, had accepted under the Commune to be something like a sub- inspector of lamps in a ministry.

One day when they were quibbling over this case, Gambetta passed by, heard a few scraps of conversation and banging vigorously, as usual, on the abdomen of one of the members of the commission:

- Well done ! Gentlemen, he cried, with a big laugh, if he has usurped, let him be punished! Let us be without mercy on those who usurp public office!

Then he walked away, looking at them with an air of contempt.

The years 1872 and 1873 therefore saw the complete triumph of Israel. From one end of Europe to the other there was a Jewish *hosannah* accompanied by the noise of millions. The Jews did again, but in prodigious proportions, what Rothschild had done on a small scale at the time of the liquidation from 1815, they grew rich by lending to the French, they took back from the Prussians what the French had paid them. At least four billion remained in their hands.

Bismarck had nothing to deny those who had commissioned him for the war; Thiers was on his knees before those who gave the appearance of financial glory to a country crushed under all the shame of defeat.

The king of the moment was the Bleichroeder for whom France was to undertake the expedition to Tunisia later.

It is in the second part of this work, *Jewish Europe* , that we will have to deal with Germany, which only interests us here through the echo which she received from speculations whose main theater was France. .

A very remarkable study, published in the *Revue du monde catholique* and signed Hermann Kuntz, is enough to give us for the moment the essentials for the portrait and the role of the character.

M. Bleichroeder, says M. Kuntz, has had a major share in all the financial and trading affairs of new France since 1866 to 1870 <sup>[20]</sup> . When Paris had to pay its ransom, Bismarck appealed to the enlightenment of Mr. Bleichroeder. He had him come to Versailles to verify the funds advanced by his associate and close friend, M. de Rothschild, whose wife played the irascible patriot to the point that

the poor German ambassador, Count Harry d'Arnim, thought it necessary to complain little diplomatically. Mr. Bleichroeder received the Iron Cross and was rewarded with the particle, as a reward for this eminent service. His fortune has become immense and in no way yields it to that of a Rothschild. After his ennobling, he was also created first consul general of Austria. In this capacity, he gave a dinner of fifty covers to the diplomatic corps. The table, set in a dining room decorated by the first artists, was loaded with ornaments, candelabras, etc., in richly worked gold and silver. Behind each guest stood a servant wearing the livery of the house, overlaid with gold embroidery. One can imagine the effect which Mr. Bleichroeder's description of this sumptuous feast and of the estimated multi-million goldsmith's work must have produced in the year of Grace 1876, when the population of Berlin was at bay as a result of the crack of 1873 <sup>[21]</sup> .

Germany was not slow to understand the meaning of the scene of Second Faust, of which we spoke above. Dupe of a real phantasmagoria, she believed, with the paper money created by the Jew, to possess real gold and soon realized that this gold had slipped into her hands. At the end of three years all she had between her fingers was scraps of paper which were worth less than dead leaves, and all the stirred gold had gone to bury itself in Jewish pockets.

The losses inflicted on the German people, says Mr. Kuntz, during this period of frantic trading, are calculated at three and even five billion by statisticians. It is estimated that three or four hundred a thousand families of owners, industrialists, small capitalists who were ruined while the newspapers intoxicated them with glory and aroused their hatred against the Church, the Jesuits, religious works.

In exchange for the billions they stole, the Israelites of Germany organized, in fact, the Culturkampf, which gave them anti-Semitic agitation, like the part they took in our country in the expulsion of poor religious. of their cells will be worth to them to be expelled from their palaces.

Agiotage and persecution were, moreover, going together with us. Beforehand, the Jews prepared this invasion which is the necessary complement and in reality the only appreciable result of all the revolutions in France, they attracted to Paris all the wanderers, all the adventurers, all the merchants in bad business of the Israelite world, they placed them in the vacancies that the Commune had made in populous quarters.

In June, July, August, September 1871, some streets seemed deserted. At the end of the year, everything was full, lively, alive. The thoroughbred Parisian, who roamed the city as an observer,

was quite astonished to meet strange types everywhere he had never seen, to see in all the shops the names of Mayer, Jacob, Simon.

Thanks to the ease of naturalization, to the premeditated burning of civil status documents, to the complacency of employees who had been placed in all the necessary places, these intruders quickly made a sort of identity for themselves. One difficulty bothered them, it was this devil with a German accent, they then played the Alsatian string and the good M. d'Haussonville, with the candor which characterizes our aristocracy, helped them marvelously through this society of Alsatians. Lorraine who, despite his laudable intentions, caused us incalculable harm.

What would not have been done for these Alsatian Jews who said so patriotically, with one of them, Rabbi Isaac Bloch, once so sharply raised by the *Universe*, that the Prussian war had been advised by the Pope to have honest people slaughtered, and that the *Prussians, led by the hand of God, had arrived happily to punish the guilty and save the innocent*.

How touching and how great is this generous and dear Alsace, which paid for the whole of France! What heart would not feel stirred at the thought of this noble province which the war has separated from us! Glory to that one who, silent and dignified, leans over her hop fields to hide her tears, and, when she raises her head, sadly questions the horizon to seek there what was the Fatherland!

Glory to that one! But shame on this theatrical Alsace which has put itself to the wages of acrobats, to this Alsace showcase and concert café that we see everywhere, posing or cooing romances with its eternal knot in its hair, in Alsace weeping, intriguing and beggar who dishonors the most august misfortune that the earth has ever seen.

One recollects and prays, the other beats the cash register with her mourning, lives from annexation as the Savoyard lived on his groundhog, organizes benefit performances and noisy raffles where the Germans who figure in the committee put as jackpot a zebra to remind, they say, with their somewhat heavy wit, the speed with which the French fled in 1870.

One gave Kléber, Kellermann and Rapp to France; the other personifies himself in the grotesque type that is called the *Schmuler over there*, she gave birth to Koechlin Scharwtz, Scheurer Kestner, Risler, she gave birth to women dead enough to all patriotism to marry the Floquet and the Ferry, the starving people of besieged Paris <sup>[22]</sup>.

One should be respected and fucked on the forehead like a persecuted mother, the other should be treated like a daughter of a shameless brasserie which smears in debauchery a costume which should henceforth be sacred.



The invaders were no longer content only to be Alsatians, they were Alsatians from Lorraine, they had two names as one has two hands, to take more.

Whether they came from Cologne, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Wilna, all these foreigners were fiery patriots. If they had not been betrayed by the heroic officers of Saint-Privat, Gravelotte, Bazeilles, we would have seen some beautiful ones! The France of Saint Louis, Henri IV, Napoleon, Condé, Bossuet and Fénelon had languished in ignorance, they no longer wanted that, they no longer wanted to be tyrannized by their ancestors. If you asked them what their great-grandfather or their grandfather was doing in France in those cursed times, if he was a merchant, worker, soldier, in which city he lived, they would stay quiet, feel themselves guessed, and whisper : "He's a clerical. "

Their opinions, moreover, quickly betrayed the falseness of the feelings they displayed with a crash. If they had really loved France, they would have pronounced with admiration the name of Louis XIV who had united Alsace to the kingdom, their great man, on the contrary, was Gambetta who, by prolonging the war, was the sole cause of the loss. from two provinces.

The admirable solidarity of the Jews among themselves, their spirit of intrigue, enabled the newcomers to quickly get rid of everything which, in small commerce or medium industry, was still of French temperament, had retained common sense and final judgment of their ancestors. They sneaked into all the committees and soon removed everything that bothered them, they recruited their workers and accustomed them to slavishly receive a slogan. They thus succeeded in electing in this city, which claimed to be a patriot, Baden like Spuller and Frankfort like Leven.

As early as 1873, the Jews had openly taken the leadership of the republican movement in Paris and forced to follow them most of the merchants who clearly saw that they were going to ruin, but who dared not resist, for fear that the credit would befall them. was cut by the Israelite banks. In the petition addressed to Mr. Feray d'Essonne, by the representatives of the Parisian trade, to congratulate him on having made an act of adhesion to the Republic, 45 Jews appear among 160 signatories.

We find there all those who, at the beginning, contributed to give the Republic a reassuring appearance, from the point of view of interests: the Beaucaires, the Brunswig, the Cahen, Frankfurt and Elie, Godchaux, Hirsch, Heymann, Lantz, Lazard , Lyon, Oppenheimer, Rheims, Simon brother and Guesdon, Schwaab, Schwob, Trèves, Wimpfen. We will notice how many names among these betray a German origin. This alone should have awakened the Parisian population and shown them where their real interests were.

As was their custom, the Jews looked for a false Messiah and soon found him in Gambetta. We will paint, in the chapter devoted to the character, the group of freedmen who formed around him and the special world of which he was the spokesperson or rather the docile instrument.

Mac-Mahon did not bother them much. Faithful to their inexplicable infatuation with semi-foreigners, the conservatives, instead of addressing a brave general, French stock, Canrobert or Ducrot, who would have risked his life and won the battle, placed their trust in this deceitful soldier who, too, "never spoke and always lied. "

Although the type was terribly matte at home, Mac-Mahon, Irish grandson, can be considered a representative of the ruling Celtic race.

"The Greek wrote Paul de Saint-Victor, was the child of genius of the Aryan family. We can say of the Celt that he was the enfant terrible of this family.

The Celts had heroes, prophets, poets, and a politician has never been counted among them. From century to century, some extraordinary and almost legendary characters emerge from this race. It is a Celt that Du Guesclin, who reconciles France with the Victory, it is a Celt that Joan of Arc, who saved the Fatherland, herself seems to have had some revelation of this original identity with the victor of Cocherel . When she rides her horse to deliver Orleans, it is to Jeanne de Laval, Du Guesclin's widow, that the one inspired by the Fées des fontaines sends her maiden's ring. Marceau was also a Celt, born in Chartres, in the heart of the Druidic land, a Celt like Rochejacquelein, whom he met in the middle of the fray, on the Place du Mans. As they leap onto each other,

The readiness to devote oneself, this spontaneity, this beautiful burst of enthusiasm which suddenly arouses, in the midst of this race, beings of inspiration of an almost superhuman grandeur, all these precious gifts are annihilated by the absence of any faculty of order, of measure. Asocial organization the Celts left to their own devices could never go beyond the clan.

Ireland died from family to family divisions, During the Vendée War, Charrette, Stofflet, the Prince of Talmont spent their time arguing and were never able to combine a general movement. Very capable of accomplishing some exceptional feat, the Celts are incapable of pursuing any design in a sustained fashion.

Mac-Mahon had had all the qualities of his race on the battlefield, he had all the faults in power. He was improbably grotesque as President, allowed himself to be chased out of an impregnable situation, never managed to understand anything and ended up shamefully capitulating in front

of a few lawyers who trembled in their skins every time he looked for his handkerchief, believing that he was going to grab his sword. He had neither the flexibility, the political skill of a Greek like Thiers, nor the feeling of duty, respect for the word, the tenacity to uphold his right that a Germain would have had. Thiers called him "the disloyal soldier" and he justified this judgment by abandoning all those who had believed in his formal promise "to go to the end. "

Before him Trochu, another Celt, had done exactly the same, not even trying to defend the sovereign to whom he had addressed emphatic statements, accumulating for months entire lies after lies like a child who is quite happy to win a hour and escaping from a responsibility which he had sought out of vanity by a subterfuge worthy of a savage <sup>[23]</sup> .

In Trochu as in Mac-Mahon, the two men who, to our misfortune, played such a considerable part in our affairs, you find the same naive duplicity. When the Comte de Chambord goes down to Versailles to see Vanssay's tale, the Marshal refuses to receive it; to the envoy of the Prince Imperial, on the contrary, he replies that he is a legitimist; he betrays everyone, he prevents everything by a sort of very confused personal ambition which he does not dare to admit to himself. Ambition is always thus with the Celts, it does not stand out in full light, in full relief like objects in the South, it is indecisive and lunar like an Ossian landscape.

The Jews, near the Marshal, acted through Baron Sina, and the Castries. Baron Sina, a wealthy Jew from Vienna, who had embraced the Greek religion, had given one of his daughters to a Castries, the other to Prince Ypsilanti, who had fairly serious rights to the crown of Greece. The father-in-law, when he had accepted this absolutely ruined son-in-law, already saw himself seated on the steps of the Hellenic throne and making a loan for the country, the brokerage of which he himself would settle. Either the prospect of being ruled indirectly by a Jew, even if he was baptized, meant nothing to them, or they were happy with King George, the Greeks showed no enthusiasm for Prince Ypsilanti's rights and the baron died without having realized his dream. But the family inherited the idea. Gambetta had the address to persuade the Sina that he asked nothing better than to support the candidacy of Prince Ypsilanti for the throne of Greece and they, for their part, did all they could to prevent Mac-Mahon , who every year would go hunting at home, to seriously oppose the establishment of a Jewish Republic in France.

The countless negotiations about Dulcigno, the bizarre businesses with the Kohkinos and the Tricoupis had no other reason to exist.

Duke Decazes, associated with many financial affairs, was also under Jewish rule. The mother of the Duchess Decazes, Mme de Lowenthal, married to the son of a Jewish banker, had been

the damned soul of Baron de Hirsch in Vienna <sup>[24]</sup> . The engagement of the daughter of Duke Decazes with the young Lucien de Hirsch had even been announced.

The great misfortune of France, then, was not to find, to put itself at the head of politics, true representatives of the soil, to fall into the hands of this particular very modernized nobility, very greedy for money, very involved in stock market speculation and therefore very cheerful.

The only one, who was above these concerns and who had an incontestable moral value, the Duke of Broglie, was constantly deceived by Leon Say.

France could, however, have for a moment the shadow of a hope, she had found an unexpected auxiliary in a Prussian as admirably organized, perhaps, for politics as the Prince of Bismarck, but less virile than him, weakened. and worn down to the core by the passion he always had for the feminine essence, the *Weibliches weren* of which Goethe speaks.

History, later, will dramatize this short fight between the Iron Chancellor and the diplomat, as it dramatized the struggle of Cinq-Mars and Richelieu, it will return its true proportions to this episode which could have had considerable consequences on the destinies of the world and which went almost unnoticed, thanks to this Jewish press, this time again entirely on the side of Prince Bismarck, and which only allows contemporary events to appear in order to deceive public opinion.

Count Harry d'Arnim was not a mere favorite like Cinq-Mars, trying to overthrow, to please a coterie, a minister superior to himself, he was regarded by the Prince of Bismarck himself as the only one man who could replace him. At the beginning of 1872, the Chancellor had even proposed to the Emperor to appoint the French Ambassador as his *ad latus* .

Count d'Arnim wanted more. Seconded by most of the German aristocracy, supported by the Empress Augusta, he dreamed of replacing Bismarck and continuing his work, but completely changing the plan of operation.

The Prince of Bismarck, as he declared with the brutal frankness which is usual for him, encouraged the Jewish Republic in France so that France would be powerless, despised, dishonored in Europe, without caring for the dangers that presented to the world the focus of infection that he allowed to grow.

The Count d'Arnim, on the contrary, wanted to cure France so that Europe would not fall ill thanks to this neighborhood. He was inspired by the maxim of Philip II: "Better to put out the fire in your

neighbor's house than to wait for it in your own." »To France, once in monarchy, either with the Count of Chambord or with the Prince Imperial, he offered Belgium and Metz in compensation for Alsace, while Germany occupied Holland, and became a maritime power. . England which, despite the Prince of Wales' lunches with Gambetta, constantly betrayed us and ended up taking Cyprus and Egypt by our face and nose, was held in check for a long time. Europe was entering an era of peace and order which could have lasted a century.

The prince of Bismarck, who then acted in concert with the Jews <sup>[25]</sup>, broke like glass the unfortunate Arnim, who, deprived of his jobs, stripped of all his titles, went to Switzerland to die of grief at having lost a so beautiful game: All those who had been involved in this movement, which had ramifications everywhere in Germany, fled to escape the rigorous condemnations that M. de Bismarck rained down on them, in a country where political crimes are assimilated to common law offenses, where the regime is the same for the writer who attacked the Chancellor as for the thief who stole a wallet!

The Comte d'Arnim, moreover, could not find a curator in France to understand this. Mac-Mahon and Duke Decazes allowed Baroness de Rothschild to insult, in an official reception, the ambassador of a great power who was pursuing a plan favorable to France.

One would not believe in this self-confidence of a Jewess, whose grandfather was chopping crowns in the Frankfurt Judengasse, if the diplomatic documents were not there <sup>[26]</sup>.

The poor ambassador, who feels that the affront he was given was inspired by Berlin and that we obey a slogan from Bleichroeder <sup>[27]</sup>, wrote to Duke Decazes:

It seems to me that the German Ambassador, committed to appear in the most official house in France, should be able to count that the people admitted, at the same time as him, to the hospitality of the Head of State, are required not to show by an attitude of resentful animosity and calculated nonchalance that - as far as he is concerned - peace has not been restored between France and Germany.

You and I would have answered immediately: "Monsieur le Comte, I am sorry that we invited such a badly brought up person, if she has the misfortune to represent herself at the Elysee, I promise to have her kicked out the door by the servants. "

The unfortunate Decazes thinks of his shares that Rothschild can lower the next day on the Stock Exchange and he gives birth to the following note which, moreover, is not turned out badly:



Paris, September 12, 1873.

It is at the moment when my hearing begins that I receive, Monsieur le Comte, your private letter dated yesterday.

I do not manage to admit or understand that such an impropriety could have occurred. It is in truth, M. le Maréchal, who more than any other would be above all and directly affected by it. So I'm going to tell him about this incident and take his orders.

In the meantime, your Excellency will kindly accept, with my regret for what can only be a misunderstanding, the very cordial expression of my highest consideration.

As for the Faubourg Saint-Germain, it is still convinced that the Baroness de Rothschild, whose husband was the banker of M. de Bismarck and the partner of Bleichroeder, obeyed a movement of patriotism, an access of French chauvinism in insulting the German ambassador. Tears come to everyone's eyes when this story is told. "The good baroness," whisper the women, "how she loves us! "

On the other hand, the same people who spend their lives with Prussian Jews, who invite them to all their festivals, are loudly indignant in their patriotism when they see the banner of the German Socialists appearing at the funerals next to the banner of the French Socialists.

Despite everything France, the true honest, patriotic, hard-working France wanted the Monarchy so much, it needed it so much that the restoration of the Royalty was very close to being done.

In reality, the only obstacle was the Comte de Chambord. God keep me from disrespecting this noble and pure memory! I cried at the death of the poor little Prince Imperial more than most of those whom the Empire had blessed with blessings. I still remember the hours of sadness that I spent in my garden at the time of the Comte de Chambord's illness, in front of my lilies, which sagging on their stems, as the days passed, seemed like the image of this existence, like the symbol of this Monarchy of ten centuries, in which France was so completely embodied.

History has rights, however, it will say what we say: "The Comte de Chambord did not want to reign." In ages past, on the morning of the coronation, the Archbishop of Reims would knock on the door of the room occupied by the king in the Chapter apartments. - The king is sleeping! Replied the grand master of ceremonies. "Awaken him," said the archbishop. In 1873, France knocked on the door of the king's chamber, but the king did not wake up!

If some writers, as Carlyle puts it, look at history as a collection of small vials labeled in advance and in which the facts are entered, others, on the contrary, and we are of this number, want above all in the history studying men, seeing beings.

What more fascinating study than this one when, without stopping at the figures of convention that the instructions of each party intends to impose, willy-nilly, on public opinion, we put ourselves in people's shoes, we strive to guess what they thought, what we might have thought for them!

One word suffices to paint the Comte de Chambord, the word of Goethe on Hamlet:

"He is a soul charged with a great design and incapable of accomplishing it. "

No king's soul was higher, more generous, more upright, but the temperament was not there. We see, as if through crystal, the battles that are waged in this heart. As soon as the opportunity arises, the Comte de Chambord strives to find a pretext, he tries to wintime, he curls up in his flag <sup>[28]</sup> , as we curl up in our sheets when we are picked up at dawn, in winter, for a boring chore. As soon as he has stepped back, he reasons himself, he brings himself back.

To this lack of determinism, it is necessary, to remain in the living analysis, to add the quite natural intervention of the Countess of Chambord. Put aside all the sentences, stay in simple humanity, and imagine what this devoted woman must have felt when she saw her husband, happy near her, doing charity, hunting, eating well and having a good meal. said: "Tomorrow, all this happiness will be replaced by infernal machines, pistol shots, riots. "

- I came back once, the Duchess would often say d'Angoulême, but I will not consent to return a second time.

The Countess of Chambord had been brought up with the Duchess of Angoulême who constantly told her the scenes of the Temple, the republican infamies almost unknown, because it is hardly if history has dared to raise them, the long martyrdom of the little Dauphin that the poor princess, huddled behind the door, heard every morning howl in pain, under the blows of Simon. "Madame," someone who had lived in Frosdhorff told me for a long time, "had retained an indelible impression of these stories. The people of Paris inspired him with real terror. "

The defects of the Comte de Chambord were further aggravated thanks to contemporary habits. Formerly a suitor in this situation would have found some companion such as Henry IV had had, not having his tongue in his pocket and speaking to his king as a comrade. Our era, from which all heroism has disappeared, lives, on the contrary, in a perpetual written lyricism, in a sort of

journalistic lyricism, we have glory without being obliged to take the trouble to acquire it. The future will be stunned by noting that the Count of Chambord and Marshal Mac-Mahon, who never attempted an effective effort to save their country, were overwhelmed with more flattering epithets than all the saviors of peoples together.

The lie of vain adulation followed the Comte de Chambord to his death and many people are convinced that it was the intrigues of the d'Orleans that prevented the restoration of the Monarchy.

The facts absolutely contradict this assertion, which would, moreover, suffice to contradict the character of the Count of Paris.

Irreproachable father of a family, good Christian, tireless worker, the Count of Paris does not fully respond to the ideal that a romantic country like ours has of a sovereign, he has nothing that stirs the imagination, we regret that a little passion and enthusiasm does not add to so many serious qualities.

The dream of one on whom birth imposed such a great duty would have been to live the life of a planter in free America. Curiously enough, at the beginning of 1870, the plan of departure of the count of Paris was definitively stopped and he had fixed in July the date of his installation across the Atlantic.

We are attached to the countries for which we fought and the Count of Paris, whose calm courage had aroused the admiration of the army in the Civil War, has retained, from his stay there, a regrettable taste for institutions that do not suit France. "He is a prince who does not have enough prejudices," it has been said of him. It would be more correct to say that he is a prince who has or at least had for a long time all the prejudices of the world. modernism.

The d'Orleans, as we have said, have always accorded an excessive importance to money; *having* for them is like a complement, like an extension of *being*. The frequentation of the Yankees, in whom the god Dollar is the object of a true worship, did not modify these feelings. For the Count of Paris and his family, having a lot is a merit and it is under the influence of these ideas that a firmly Christian family has come to give the country the demoralizing spectacle of the living house of France. on a footing of intimacy with the House of Rothschild.

Such is, I believe, the impartial portrait of a real prince. A truly honest man whom France, having come back from many chimeras, will perhaps be very happy to find in order to put some order in this country ravaged by a horde of bandits. Given such a man, his conduct towards the Comte de Chambord could only have been very correct. He was very happy, as all those who approached

him closely attest, to be rid of the heritage of 1830 and to return, not only to the monarchical tradition, but also to good behavior, to the decency that suitable for a tidy family, from the visit of August 5, 1873, he no longer considered himself as a Dauphin.

On October 30, 1873, after the publication of the famous letter which overturned all restoration plans, Tailhand ran to the Count of Paris and found him surrounded by the three dukes: the Duke of Broglie, the Duke of Audiffret-Pasquier and the Duke Decazes.

"He doesn't want any," said the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, "monseigneur," to your sleeve.

'It is impossible,' interrupted the Duc de Broglie, 'honor forbids you. We just have to prorogue the Marshal and see it coming.

Only of all the important men of the government, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, the one Thiers compared to a chafer in a drum, intrigued to diminish the King's authority in advance. He had said at a banquet attended by several priests from Normandy: "We will tie it up like a sausage and it will be impossible for it to move." "

This remark, reported to the Comte de Chambord, doubtless aroused his distrust of the Assembly, but basically he only asked to be discouraged.

What is striking in the Comte de Chambord, I repeat, what is really pathetic, is the antagonism of the temperament which always eludes itself and of the conscience which incessantly pushes towards the accomplishment of duty.

After the letter of October 27, which did not appear until the 30th, because the *Union* kept it for three days without wanting to insert it and did not decide until after receiving an imperative telegram, we believe it is all over. On November 17 or 18, the Comte de Chambord arrives in Versailles.

How moving is this day of November 19, 1873, which perhaps decided the fate of our country! The monarchist deputies who stood in the house next to that of the Comte de Vanssay where the King had stayed knew that the Comte de Chambord was in Versailles, without suspecting that he was close to them ... They begged M. de Monti, M. de Blacas, M. de la Bouillerie, to let them know the place where the august traveler was, they clung to them to persuade them to speak.

What was the situation? A hundred deputies were ready to assemble in the Place d'Armes to form a procession to the King; as soon as they were seen entering the Assembly shouting *Vive le Roi!* a hundred and fifty others would have joined the first and uttered the same cry. Royalty



quietly regained possession of the palace of Louis XIV, it was restored to acclaim by the representatives of the country.

The King would not have encountered any difficulty. At a word from him, Mac-Mahon would have come to pay him respects and take his orders. Ducrot was all his, Charrette would have walked by his side. If the Duke of Broglie undergoing, as we have said, the influence of Leon Say, who already flattered Gambetta, the man of the Jews, had not helped the restaurantration as much as he should have, he had hardly hampered the royalists in their preparations, he would certainly have had neither the will nor the power to have the legitimate King returned to the border.

Let us add that three thousand papal Zouaves, perfectly organized and who could go to Versailles without awakening attention, were quite prepared to come and give the King an escort of honor. An arsenal in Rennes contained the arms of these regiments.

But even that would have been useless. Everything would have been carried away in a burst of enthusiasm, in a broad and irresistible current. The French soul, let us not forget, did not then resemble what it is today. There is a world between the France of then and the current France, debased by opportunism, dead to all grand thought, rotten in the marrow, preoccupied with dirty trafficking, pornography and scandals. The formidable events of the war and the Commune had awakened patriotism in all courts, purified feelings, people still believed in the recovery of the Fatherland.

The people of Paris, disgusted with the Republicans who had slaughtered their old friends, accepted the restoration very well. I have heard twenty times workers who went to their work or who came back, say philosophically "let them bring back their Chambord and let us be in peace!"

"

The Count of Chambord's heart failed at this supreme hour; instead of acting as King and summoning Marshal Mac-Mahon, he asked him for an interview.

From this side could still come the decisive act which would have saved everything. If the Marshal had been of the race of those frank, jovial and round soldiers of yesteryear, he would have fully understood that the Comte de Chambord was one of those men who must be thrown into the water to persuade them to swim. He would have arranged to meet him, he would have invited him to lunch, he would have made him drink a glass of champagne to the health of France, he would have warned two or three cavalry regiments, all of whose officers were ardently legitimists, then, suddenly, he would have shown the sovereign to the troops. This time again we would have shouted at the top of our *lungs* : *Long live the King!* The center-right and the center-left would have had no use meeting to paperwork for whole hours in committees, they could not

have done anything against the fait accompli. We would have a few billions less in debt today, and France, instead of being an object of pity for the nations, would have once again become the arbiter of Europe.

Marshal Mac-Mahon was neither cheerful nor frank, he was already brooding in solitude I do not know what dream of presidency for life, he refused to receive the King.

In this country, which was once the country of daring initiatives, of impulses, of frenzied bravery, no one stirred. The only one who really had the feeling of his mission, the hero that France was waiting for, the Prince Imperial was too young, and undoubtedly he said to himself in England "If I were the count of Chambord!" "

From that date on, in the monarchical party, to use an expression of Saint-Simon, nothing was to be found except "cacades, words of snow and pistols of straw." We fell back into that perpetual convention which is losing and emasculating an epoch which asks only to be deceived. We talk about uprisings, fights, Vendée on paper, we vaguely suggest that we are conspiring to flatter the subscriber at the time of renewalsment <sup>[29]</sup> . In short, we can see this completely trivial thing, Arthur Meyer shouting from time to time: "The King is coming!" Montjoie-Saint-Denis! Forward the sons of the valiant! "

The poor King did not dream of coming; on the contrary, he was leaving. The effect of his death once again attested to the place held in the world by the idea he represented. Posterity, without accepting the hyperbole of the boulevard newspapers, will be respectful for this figure, it will explain that such a man did not have the courage to reign over a people who kill the princes who have only done him good and who worship the tribunes who deceived and ruined him.

Christian nations need good shepherds of peoples like the Bourbons for so long; countries distraught and exasperated by revolutionary ideas need belluaries.

The Comte de Chambord was not of this race and, while encouraging his supporters in their most adventurous hopes, while no doubt continuing to pray for France, he gradually detached himself from her. I would almost say that he detached himself from it too much, for we would have liked to find in his will a word for so many men who had defended his cause, a thank you to writers like those of the *Union* , a legacy, on 17 million, for those Workers' Circles which are such a noble attempt at Christian socialism.

Curiously enough, this prince, whose mother had been dishonored by Deutz, was treated by two Jewish doctors, because Vulpian was not called until the last moment. Did he seek this

atonement out of a spirit of sacrifice? I want to believe it because such a preference would have been very singular.

1. Here is moreover the account of M. Henri Rochefort in the *Intransigeant* of May 21, 1883, an account to which M. Arthur Picard did not oppose any denial, although the General Council of Basses-Alpes has ordered him to do so. . When such fellows are mixed up in liquidation accounts which include two or three billions and they find themselves in the company of men of their caliber, you judge whether the crowns should roll.

*"When I sat at the Hôtel de Ville as a member of the government of National Defense, writes Mr. Henri Rochefort, Raoul Rigault, then secretary of the prefect of police Kératry, gave me a report, found in the boxes of the former prefect and signed by a police commissioner, which recounted the arrest and imprisonment in Mazas of a scholarship holder accused of having stolen 300,000 francs from various people.*

*"This story was all the more interesting since the thief was the full brother of a member of the government of September 4, against whom Gambetta harbored the most lively hostility. Nothing could be more curious, in fact: the detainee was going to be transferred to the correctional police, when the Emperor had the idea of proposing to the opposition deputy, brother of the wretch, to save his family from dishonor, on condition that the fierce opponent would pass imperceptibly through the ranks of the majority.*

*"The deal was accepted, and the party that was once called the 'Open Left' was born out of this washing of dirty laundry. Well, that former resident of Mazas, you can imagine that the Spullers, Challemels and other Puritans excluded him forever from their immaculate group? Think again: they recommended it to universal suffrage with as much heat as they used to exorcise M. de Bouteiller. He is now a member of Parliament, and it is to them alone that he owes it.*

*"We will be less odious than these honorable men, and we will not name the thief whom they made their friend. Unfortunately, our discretion will undoubtedly be useless, because it is likely that from the first words everyone has already recognized it. "*

*Mr. Henri Rochefort speaks of a police commissioner because he remembers a report by Mr. Martinet, of July 31, 1867, noting that he had been obliged to expel Mr. Arthur Picard from the Stock Exchange where his presence in the midst of his dupes caused a scandal. The report noting the theft of 300,000 francs at the branch of the Société Générale, rue de Palestro, the arrest of the accused and his confession, is from Mr. Boudeville, peace officer; it is from December 11, 1868 and it has been published. What austere these deputies of the left!*

2. Read M. de Bismarck's conversation with the mayor of Reims. M. Werlé, on leaving the Chancellor, faithfully recorded the exact text of this interview in the diary which he kept of the smallest facts of the Prussian occupation; *Le Figaro* reproduced part of this document.

*The King of Prussia left Reims to go to Ferrières on Wednesday, September 14, around ten in the morning.*

*The day before, M. de Bismarck came to see M. Werlé and said to him:*

*" We leave tomorrow ; I leave with a heavy heart. - We hoped to sign peace in Reims, it was the King's will and my most ardent desire: it is in this hope that we stayed ten days here. - We are forced to continue the war ... we will regret it. "*

*'Monsieur le Comte,' interrupted Monsieur Werlé, 'France has no interest in continuing the war, and for her to refuse peace, your conditions must be unacceptable.*

*"I am going to tell them to you," resumed M. de Bismarck; we are asking for two billion, Strasbourg with a strip of land 4 or 5 leagues wide as far as Wissembourg, so that the Rhine may flow on both sides in German towns. - We ask for the meeting of the Chambers, because it is with them alone that we can deal, and it is, - he added, - this last condition which encounters the most difficulties. "*

- 3. It's always fun to see how these people respect each other. This is how, in May 1884, Gamberlé's diary treated poor Jules Simon: "M. Schweizer dit Suisse, dit Simon, who has changed his name like all comedians, etc., etc."*
- 4. Almost all the merchants of holy objects and church ornaments are Jews; which allows them both to make nice profits with customers who pay regularly, and to spy on what is happening in the ecclesiastical world. All the scandalous trials in which priests have been involved have been organized in this way, thanks to a surprised word, to a trap set. The way the Catholic party acts in France, its candor, its lack of any precaution will be an eternal subject of wonder for the future.*
- 5. Figaro of February 28, 1883.*
- 6. See an article in Bien Public , March 3, 1871, in which I believe I gave the true impression of the departure of the Germans, going up in battle the avenue des Champs-Élysées in the midst of fanfares and parading in front of the Arc de Triomphe.*
- 7. See on this subject, as an excellent document on the real state of mind of the Parisian population, the curious Journalheld during the Commune, by the parish priest of Saint-Thomas d'Aquin, Abbé Ravailhe. At the time of making the first communion to his children, the worthy priest fears that the Federates, who occupy the place and the artillery museum, do not oppose the exit of the procession; he will quietly find the head of the post. - How then, answers the brave insurgent, and he makes his men put under arms and sound the bugle, while the children pass by singing. The next day the battalion was changed, and Father Ravailhe adds that he does not know what has become of the federated officer. He will have been killed (from behind) by some friend of Simon Mayer and Dacosta, or denounced to the Versaillais by some Freemason, to whom opportunism will have given, later, a post of tax collector or sub-prefect.*

*In 1848, when the barricades were beginning for the days of June, and when the Mouffetard district was in full effervescence, the parish priest of Saint-Médard was buried and his clergy wished that, according to custom, the body of the deceased could make the last tour of the church which had been*



*his. The workers accepted this wish wholeheartedly, and removed the cobblestones in front of the coffin, which they put back as soon as the procession had passed.*

8. *An eyewitness and very truthful, I am convinced, told me this little fact which is characteristic. On May 27 or 28, when all was already lost for the Commune, the Federates notified a hosier's shop on Place de Belleville, and my faith, they began to grab the socks with the childish joy that we have all tried to change clothes after some great fatigue. A sergeant arrives, reproaches them for dishonoring their cause by looting, and here our people are turned over and restoring everything they had taken. Isn't that very Parisian?*
9. *The Prussian officers witnessed the fall of the column from the balcony of the Ministry of Finance. Prussia kept as a trophy the statue of Victory which was bolted in the Emperor's hand and which, despite all research, could never be found.*
10. *Convulsions de Paris , volume 11, pages 287-288.*
11. *By a singular comparison, it was again a Jew who played the principal role in this scandalous ceremony of the installation of Cazot as president of the Court of Cassation which dishonored forever our great magistracy.*

*It was believed until the last moment that no chamber president would agree to receive the administrator of a financial company now bankrupt, the crazed man whose appointment was a slap on the cheek of every magistrate.*

*When, on Wednesday April 23, 1883, Bédarrides was heard inviting Cazot to take possession of his seat, a sudden, irresistible, unanimous hoot arose. "Bailiffs, silence!" cried Cazot, exasperated. "That was all, and this short scene remained present in the memory of all those who witnessed it indignantly.*
12. *It was to Raoul Rigault that many ecclesiastics had to be able to leave Paris, and that, in very singular circumstances, and of which I can guarantee the accuracy. A captain of the Commune, Lalanne, still obsessed with the idea of seeing underground passages everywhere, had gone to make a search of the Augustinians in the rue de la Santé. He did not find any underground passages naturally, but was struck by the welcome he received from the Superior who was a woman of high intelligence, he spoke about her to Raoul Rigault. The Police delegate pulled up to harness Piétri's car, and came to talk several times with the nun "I guess what you dare not ask me," he said as he left, "passes for your calotin.... here's.*
13. *The Hungarian Jew, Léon Franckel, born in "Buda-Pesth", and member of the Commune, was a descendant of the famous Basses Alpes or "Abravanel", Minister of Finance of Isabelle the Catholic, and who had to leave Spain during the great expulsion of 1491. The Basses Alpes family, refugees in Austria, took there, we learn from the Israelite Archives, the name of Franckel. Isn't it curious this great nephew of a Minister of Finance of Spain, who has become something of Minister of Public Works in France, and avenging his family by murdering our priests?*

*Vermersch, as he himself recognized, was descended from a Jewish family in Amsterdam.*
14. *Justitia fundamentum Regni , we read on the facade of Hoff Burg, the imperial palace in Vienna, and the inscription is good and well placed.*

15. Crémieux was so sure of his grace that, when they came to take him to Fort Saint-Nicolas to take him to the Pharo, he was convinced that he was taking him to ratify the letters of grace, it was only when he saw The troops ranged in square that he understood the truth, he felt ill, and they were obliged to sit him on a chair to shoot him.

16. Let us add that all the *Papiers des Tuileries* were not burned, as is generally believed. Some were saved during the first siege by M. de Piennes. The most important had been placed in the cellars of the house occupied by the great chaplaincy, rue de Rivoli. When the troops entered Paris, their presence was reported there to General Douay, who had just arrived on the Place du Carrousel, he immediately loaded them onto 17 or 18 vans, and without saying anything to Thiers, he sent them under escort to Cherbourg from where they were sent to England.

These are the documents which will show what the republic of men of September 4 was, and which will avenge, by contempt of history, the unfortunate people whom they had slain.

17. Félix Pyat, each of whom knew his retirement, remained quietly in hiding in the rue Pigalle, and only left Paris with a perfectly regular passport.

An important official of the Ministry of the Interior still has in his possession an order to escape six detainees signed Thiers and countersigned Calmon.

18. From the point of view of the lowering of the characters, we will compare this era of small papers to another era of civil war. Who does not know the story of Agrippa d'Aubigné, in love with Diane de Talcy, whom he is too poor to marry? He is offered to take advantage of the documents on the Amboise conspiracy which are in his possession, and which seriously compromise the Chancellor of the Hospital. He goes to look for the coins, throws them in the fire and says, "I burned them lest they burn me, for I had thought of temptation. "

19. Laluyé, who lived quietly in Rueil, and against whom absolutely no charge could be raised, was administratively detained for three months. This is how this Jules Favre behaved in power, who, under the Empire, always had the word virtue in his mouth.

20. Deliveries of October 15 and 31, 1881.

21. Let us not forget, however, that if Germany consents to use the Jew as an instrument, and to reward him if necessary, she keeps him absolutely away from anything that touches on the honor and dignity of the country. . When the son of this Bleichroeder, who had slipped somehow into the corps of officers of the hussars of the guard, presented himself before his comrades, an enormous hoot arose, they spat in his face, and he had to flee in a hurry. German officers, who still have some traditions of the old Teutonic knights, will never admit that a flag can be entrusted to a man who is ready to sell it for money, since he puts the money on top. of all.

22. The excuse of these families is that they are more German than French. Mrs. Jules Ferry is a great-granddaughter of the heroine of Goethe's novel, Werther .

The famous Charlotte, Charlotte Buff, born in Wetzlar, married Johann Christian Kestner of Hanover, so she is the grandmother of Mr. Kastner, whose line became the wife of the President of the Council, friend of Bleichroeder. The cabotin element is always more or less represented in these families. The famous



Miss Duverger, who is related to Jules Ferry by marriage, never loses the opportunity to recall it, she made a point of specifying her filiation by a letter addressed to the newspapers, in October 1884.

Montmorency.

Sir,

My mother was the aunt of Mr. Charles Kestner, who was my cousin, therefore. She often told me Charlotte's story. Only she added the following anecdote:

Charlotte, my great aunt, being traveling with an old relative, was obliged to stop at an inn where these ladies had to spend the night, owing to the delay of the post horses. .

The relative knew in a somewhat uncertain way what was said in her family: that Charlotte was the heroine of Goethe's novel. The room they were given had two beds, and by chance the curtains on these beds represented Werther's suicide!

'If it's her,' thought the old lady, 'she won't go to bed.

But Charlotte didn't testify, and she went to bed.

Has she slept? No one ever knew about it.

I wanted to inform you about a fact, quite curious in short, and, persuaded that you will not be angry with me, please accept, Sir, my most eager greetings.

AUGUSTIN DUVERGNE .

23. Trochu, note it, even manages not to lie to the Empress, when she asks him if we can count on him, he answers neither yes nor no, he answers: "Madam, I am Breton, Catholic and soldier. This is all strictly true. He had said: "the governor of Paris will not capitulate," and he resigns at the time of capitulation. It is the counterpart of the story of the Breton lord who had pledged his word not to see the king when he passed through Paris, and who, in order not to fail the letter of his oath, chatted with him in the dark. .

24. See *The Vienna Society*, by Count Paul Vasili.

Who does not know the words of Marie-Antoinette: "You will tell me so much!" At the present time, there is not a politician, even with very sincere Christian sentiments, who is invulnerable to this terrible force of money. We defend ourselves for a long time, but we end up giving in to certain sums so considerable that the conscience is as if it were devastated. The firmer ones hesitate a moment, then look at those around them, understand the meaning of certain silent glances and capitulate. M. Brunet, a magistrate who passed for integrity, a former Minister of the Moral Order, agrees to become Baron de Hirsch's second in charge, to take his share of the spoils of so many unfortunate people. He left for the East in August 1885 to defend the interests of the Jew. It's true, says the Gaul, that the baron does things royally. "As proof we only want to cite what Mr. Brunet was telling the other day at the Palais, in the middle of a tight group of lawyers of all ages. He said that, loathing the sea, he would make his journey through Vienna, to the terminus of the Austro-Serbian railways, that from there, at the baron's expense, he would go on post to Sarambey, head of the line. Constantinople railroad, traveling only during the day, the postilions themselves not wanting to risk traveling at night. "

What an example this veteran of the bar he gives trainees, and what right conservative newspapers they accuse Floquet be the businessman Mustapha?

25. See, in the plays published by the Count d'Arnim, the role played by the Jew Simon Deutch, friend of all French Republicans.
26. We have already insisted on the very curious psychological character of these aplombs of Jews. Compare in this order to the act of Mme de Rothschild allowing herself to disrespect an ambassador accredited to the French government, the incredible scene of Sarah Bernard at the border (October 1884), refusing to allow her luggage to be visited, and overwhelming of insults the customs officers, also reread the episode of Gambetta calling his adversaries miserable and manure, when he is in the opposition and having his bench seized and locked up a representative of the people, whose speech does not please him. The significant side is the docility, with which we accept, we endure, neither the people of the world, nor the deputies protest. It is only the gabelous who have retained some sense of their dignity.
27. *The Antecedents of the Arnim Trial*, at Plon.  
On the occasion of Mlle Béatrix de Rothschild's marriage to Maurice Ephrussi, Mr. Bleichroeder sent, as a wedding present to the newlyweds, a painting by Hans Makart, "a much looked at, much commented marriage allegory," said the Gaul. Come on, so much the better, our money is used for something!
28. There is no doubt now, for any man of good faith, that the question of the flag was only a pretext. At the Bordeaux Assembly, some Orleanist deputies addressed themselves to M. de la Ferté, whom they knew to have the full powers of the Comte de Chambord, and asked him if the question of the flag would be an obstacle. M. de la Ferté replied that he was authorized to affirm that this question would not cause any difficulty, he added that, in his opinion, it seemed impossible to him not to maintain the tricolor that the misfortunes of the last war had caused. make sacred.  
On June 29 or 30, 1871, Mr. Bocher met in the Reservoirs dining room three Legitimist deputies: the Duke of La Rochefoucauld-Bisaccia, the Count Armand de Maillé and the Viscount de Gontaut-Giron, he asked them what was the meaning of the letter which the Comte de Paris had just received: "I long to hold you tight to my heart, but delicacy obliges me to ask you to wait until I have explained myself with the country on the reserved questions." These gentlemen declared that they did not understand anything and that there were no "reserved questions." "Although it was almost midnight at the end of the interview, they ran to M. de la Ferté, they made him stand up, they explained to him what it was about, he was confused, turned pale and said: "I am disowned, it must be the question of the flag! "
29. There was however, some time before the death of the Comte de Chambord, the beginning of a rather seriously organized conspiracy, which proves once again the correctness of what we were saying about the perpetual oscillation of this spirit. If he had lived, the Comte de Chambord, who would only have had to want to reign and who had not known how to want, would probably have tried, out of a scruple of conscience, to come back with a scuffle.



Récupérée de

« [https://fr.wikisource.org/w/index.php?title=La\\_France\\_juive/Livre\\_Deuxième/VI/1&oldid=10073448](https://fr.wikisource.org/w/index.php?title=La_France_juive/Livre_Deuxième/VI/1&oldid=10073448) »

---

**Last edited 2 years ago by Wuyouyuan**

Content is available under the CC BY-SA 3.0 license unless otherwise noted.